This was your husband: look you now what follows,
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
Is apoplext, for madnesse would not erre,
Nor sense to extasie was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference: What divell was't
That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and grieved spots
As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty stye.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A slave